

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year. No. 16.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commodore.

Price 5 Cents.

## ITALIAN INTELLIGENCE.

**\$1 a Week but Steady Advance—The Wandering War Cry Boomer and the Policeman who was Fined for Arresting Him—The Marvelous Faith of Our Italian Converts—Plotteracqua Venice—The Duo—His Officer and His Wife—A Dual Patron.**

THE Salvation Army has a difficult and slow work in Italy. The Blood-and-Fire Flag has been flying there for eight years, and we have but eight corps and thirty-one officers for all the labor and money expended during this period.

Those who judge things by bare results will put this down as very unsatisfactory. Some, who remember that other agencies have been five times as long on the same field and cannot show anything approaching this, share an entirely different view; those who are close to the Army's work, and estimate its value by its character, and not by its numerical return, consider it very

Encouraging, if Not Remarkable.

For instance, these bare figures give no indication that almost every working-man and tradesman has, at one time or another, attended Salvation Army meetings in Leghorn; that the officers have free and ready access to all the cafes, in which they sell and sing out of their periodicals; that the great town of Bologna has recently received the Salvation Army with unmistakable signs of interest and sympathy; and that in the city of Turin, where we have our Headquarters, people of all grades treat representatives of the Army with marks of profound regard.

The other day a War Cry officer wandered over the boundary-line prescribed for him and sold a War Cry in a public arcade.

A policeman, ignorant of the Army, and imagining by the man's uniform that he was a revolutionist, or some other disturber of the peace, seized and marched him to the Central Police Station.

"What is this man charged with?" the chief inspector asked.

"Selling Dangerous Papers."

In one of the public arcades." "Why, he is a Salvationist! You ought to have told him that the arcade was forbidden for his paper-selling, and he would have gone elsewhere. Salvationists are law-abiding people."

"What are Salvationists?" the policeman asked, rather dejectedly. "People you had better let alone; and as a mark of my displeasure at your conduct and ignorance, I order you to pay for all the papers this officer has still unsold."

Then, Brigadier Clibborn, who, with his wife, is in command of Italy, speaks in very suggestive terms of the soldiery. There is a good deal more than appears on the surface when he says, "As the large proportion of our converts are nominal Catholics, or, to be quite correct, men and women who possess but the

Shreds of a Religious Belief,

their simplicity, faith, eagerness to learn the practical life of a Christian, thirst for the word of God, and honesty of testimony, and an utter ab-

stern people." Keep believing, Brigadier.

The Brigadier furnished a somewhat amusing instance of the ignorance—fortunately combined with charming childlikeness—which they have to overcome before the rudiments of Bible truth can be implanted in these converts.

This is it: One of the best soldiers

of a corps assumed, in the innocence of her faith, that her officers possessed the gift of omniscience and omnipresence. Whatever they commanded her to do she did it as if God Himself issued the order. If anyone dared to speak loosely or swearingly in her household, she immediately ejected such a person, giving forth, as her authority, that her

Officers Heard Every Word Spoken

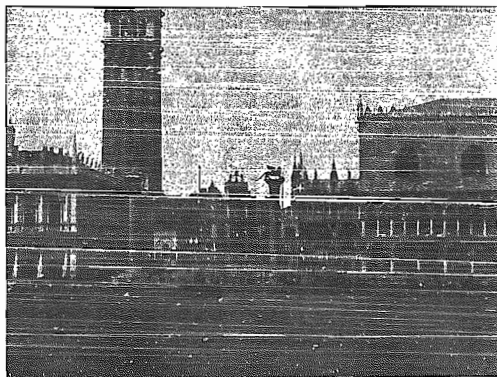
in her house, and she must not allow anything offensive to them!

In such a country as Canada such a notion would only be associated with idleness, or rank crankiness; but this is but a sample—though above the average in extremeness—of the class of people out of whom the Salvation Army is making in Italy splendid patterns of truth, righteousness and love.

There never has been any violent opposition or persecution of the Army in Italy. With the exception of a few places here and there, this can be said of all countries we have gone to, where the Catholic form of religion is accepted by the majority. But there exists what is more detrimental to an aggressive organization like ours; an underground something—it would be an exaggeration to call it a system—which prevents us keeping a fair proportion of our converts. We do not complain. Why should we?

We expect to encounter difficulties; and there is no cloud without its silver lining, no fight without some permanent and far-reaching advantages, even if the fight, for the hour, looks a losing one.

(Continued on page 5.)



St. Mark's Square.

A front view of this magnificent Square.

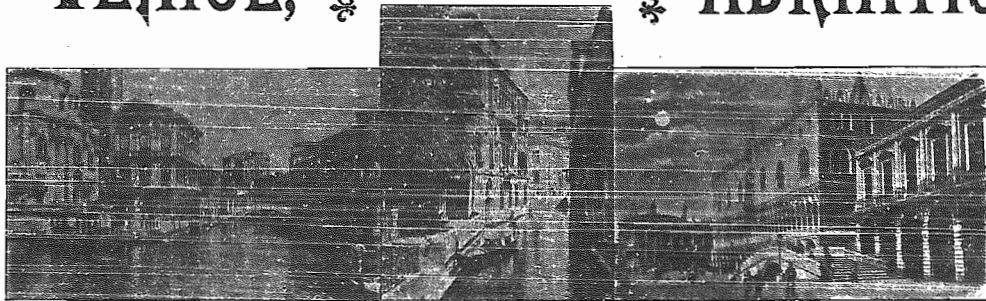


A Festival on the Grand Canal, Venice.

The famous Rialto Bridge is seen in the distance.

It must be over expenses, will be charged.

# VENICE, THE PEARL OF THE ADRIATIC.



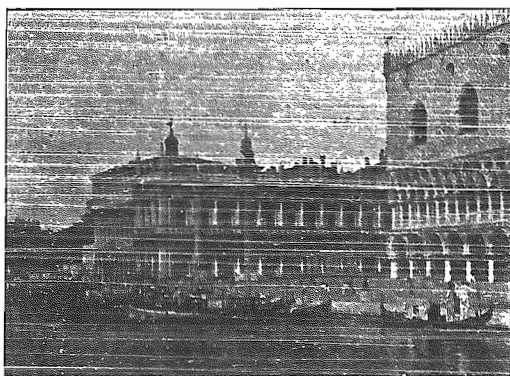
**Palazzo Labbia.**  
In which we opened our work.

**THREE HISTORIC VENETIAN PALACES.**  
**Palazzo Sanudo Van-Axel.**

**Palazzo Ducale.**  
One of our first open-air stunts.



**One of the Finest Canals of Venice.**  
The inevitable Sapello advertisement stares one in the face eve: In fair Italy.



**A View of St. Marcus Square,**  
Showing the magnificent architecture of the historic city.



Expressmen do not require to keep horses,  
as everything is delivered by boat.

Here we have a very romantic peep over the  
garden Walls of Venice.

Palazzo Labbia is the name of the prominent  
building above. Here we had our first  
hall and opened fire on Venice.

## Sermonettes.

By REV. DR. CLIFFORD.

## The Secret of All Progress.

Christ is the Lord both in the physical and social order, making them one and indivisible, not one - ordinate, but co - operative. He is immanent, from top to bottom, from floor to ceiling of the temple of life; natural and human. It is His habitation, and His ministry of the Gospel is the fullest manifestation of His energy, in fellowship with Him we are at once placed in communion with the soul and secret of all harmony and of all progress.

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## Down with the Drink.

Better "put your money in a stocking" and get nothing for it, than place it in the grip of those millionaires of the trusts, or into a brewery or a bad business, or a good business unjustly managed and get big dividends, and, oh! awful addition! wrecked homes, blighted lives, and ruined souls! The world of industry must be organized in conformity with the spirit and teaching of the Son of Man, and made in every part of it the means of realizing the brotherhood of mankind.

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## Wanted—More Oil!

Man says of God's world that it is ill-constructed, its forces ill-assorted, its administration defective and blurring, the worst of all possible worlds—but come with me into a factory; not one of your own, but one of fancy! See the elaborate machinery, wheel fitting to wheel, and cog fitting with perfect accuracy, and yet you hear harsh noises, slow movement, wasting friction! What is wanted? New machinery, fresh workmen! No! The one thing needed is oil. So the human order is arranged to be worked with the oil of kindness, and kindly consideration, and largeness of view, and genuine love.

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## The Goal of Religion.

The religion of the Son of Man will not have reached its goal, till it has turned the family into a church and the home into a temple, trade into a sacrament, and art into worship, science into an interpreter of the workings of the Infinite, and journalism into a prophecy for God to men, sport into true culture and pleasure itself into a holy service, government, societies, and nations into organs of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the whole earth into a Paradise of the Father and His redeemed sons.

## WEALTH IN FRIENDSHIP.

Next in value to the love and grace of God is true, strong human friendship. In our bright, prosperous hours we are not up to realize the full worth to us of our friends. We do not know how much they do for us, how much of our life's joy we owe to them, how much of our prosperity; nor do we realize what their influence is in the making of our character. Even the friend of an hour whom we meet on a railway car or a steamboat, at the house of a friend or amid the busy scenes of life—as when two ships meet on the broad sea speak to each other in the seas on earth—we know not what blessings he brings to us from God, nor how that transient and casual meeting will affect our whole after-life. We know not what touches, delicate and beautiful, upon the canvas of our soul, there will be for ever, which the fingers of that chance friend left there.

Every soul that touches ours leaves its impression on us. We get good from every pure, gentle, genial companion of even a few moments. How much more, then, do we receive from the friend who walks by our side and whose friendship sings sweet songs in our ear and heart for years and years! There will be a silver thread in every life-woof when it is finished, woven into the tissue by the friendship of many days; and there will be a touch of beauty on the canvas of our life that has ever been laid upon us in momentary greeting or benediction.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.—F. W. Newman.

## THE STORY OF X X X

## A Salvation Army Grip

With introduction by Ensign Perry.

THE above title is quite suggestive. One might suppose the writer was to relate some results attending the grasp of a Salvationist's hand, or possibly some sudden entry into certain lightening environments brought about by the Salvation Army that would signify a sudden closing in upon one's career. It is neither one of these experiences the writer wishes to relate, but simply the travels of a Salvation Army hand-satchel, commonly known as "X X X". The fact is the writer only wishes to pen a few lines of introduction, and let the grip tell his own story.

My master and owner bought me some years ago in the City of St. John, N. B., and I have travelled with him over since, both by land and sea. We have journeyed from Bermuda's sunny isles to within sight of the snow-capped Rockies. Strange as the statement may appear, I cannot walk, though I have good hearing and can talk, but I am a language foreign to others, though well understood by my master. The fact is, I never converse with others, and it is only in the interests of the War Cry that I come out of my shell to relate a few of my experiences.

I am my owner's closest friend and companion. We are rarely ever separated. There are several other companions who travel with me—a Miss Portfolios and a Mr. Concertina; then in the summer a Mr. Cornet, while at this season of the year a Mr. Magic-Lantern forms a part of our retinue.

I am a special favorite of my owner's and the only one usually taken into his private apartments. When at home, I may seem, though I am a servant, and my master says I render good service, yet seeing I cannot walk, I have to be carried from place to place. I often wish I could walk, for my master is always loaded down, and if no one comes to the station to meet us, which I am in vain to say does not occur often, it becomes a burden.

## My Cousins

I have two cousins by the name of Valise, who travel in the same train, but usually several cars ahead. I rarely ever see them, except accidentally, on the station platform, or at some place where I can only bid them the time of day and make a few enquiries as to how they are enjoying the trip.

As I have already told you, I am carried distinctly, and although I am sometimes carried to my master's room directly, yet often I am left in the public sitting-room and can hear the conversation going on there. I always hear the first greeting given my master, and when people inform him that they are glad to see him, and demonstrate it by a fervent, "God bless you," I feel very pleased, for what pleases him pleases me.

Perhaps before I go further I might say that my master is the Travelling Financial Special for the North-West, and had also occupied that position in the Maritime Provinces for some years. I can testify that he has striven to be a blessing and cheer to the officers as he goes around. I have often heard him say, when we were alone, how much he appreciated the kindness of the people who entertained him, and who, especially my owner like—clean food and a clean bed. Now, I will tell you what special service I render the North-West T. F. S.

Summing it up in a nut-shell, I am a sort of receptacle for everything that my master does not tell you all I can needed—I dare not tell you all I can needed, but I might mention a few things. For I am very heavily loaded at times. I have had people out of kind consideration for my master, take me up and carry me, and have wondered what made me so heavy. Of course, they would not be personal enough to mention it, yet I could see that wondering look on their faces, as much as to say, "Whatever is inside of you?" One would think I had been a good and pious man. The truth is, my master often feeds me on

## Copper Sausages

that come in his possession through the Q. B. M. boxes. As cents are not in circulation much in the North-West, I have to carry them about for some

time, until my owner can dispose of them, and American pennies have to be borne across the border. You can readily see my weight is a profitable one. I often read my master's thoughts concerning copper change, and though he appreciates the cents, for they make the dollars, yet he also desires that people would give more silver, for it makes dollars quicker, and is less troublesome.

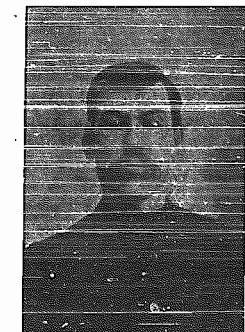
(To be continued.)

## Johnnie Morrison, X-Romany.

Johnnie Morrison was born in old Bridgenort.

His first recollection of going openly into sin is that at the age of six years trying to use tobacco, which so often proves a stepping-stone to drunkenness. At the age of nine he was found drunk for the first time.

Johnnie worked in a coal mine for fifteen years. During all those years he would go on a booze every day, until his hard-earned money was spent, then he grew disappointed and mad, without money, to begin another fortnight in the pit.



Pub S.-M. Morrison, Glace Bay, C.B.

One particular booze Johnnie well remembers. His father had sent him off with a horse and cart to get a load of coal, but he got drunk instead, so that he had to be pulled home in his own cart.

Johnnie says himself, "The sin and drunkenness of my life has been awful."

The Salvation Army opened fire in Glace Bay four years ago, where Johnnie has lived nearly all of his time. He used to be a constant frequenter of the meetings, although more often drunk than sober. About a year after the Army's advent he got saved, which was a grand thing for himself and all concerned.

Many comical stories are still told of Johnnie Morrison's life before conversion, but now he has got his "lance full," as he often says in his testimony, working in the Army. He has won the respect of both saint and sinner by his thorough change and godly life. Two and a-half years ago he became Publication Sergt.-Major, and has since done faithful service, selling the beloved War Cry. His customers look for his smiling face and the paper regularly each week, and are always supplied. Dozens of them say, "Johnnie Morrison has done a good job by giving up his drunken spree." So says all the corps. From times to time a Publication Sergt.-Major.—G. P. Thompson.

In the life of almost every girl there are, I am sure, regrets to be found in plenty; places in plenty where opportunities of love, or help, or gentleness were overlooked or neglected. I have had many such regrets in my life, yet in later years I think I made—as every girl may—stepping-stones of those regretted—stepping-stones to better and broader living.—"Autobiography of a Girl" in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

## General Secretary's Jottings

The Commissioner's Massey Hall Demonstration on Feb. 1st, promises to eclipse and out-distance everything that has ever gone before it in the Territory's history. Huge and elaborate preparations are being made, and arrangements are being pushed along with all speed to this end.

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Of course, the chief interest will be the fact that the Commissioner himself will take charge of the proceedings, and under her wise and skilful direction a brilliant program, triumphantly carried out, can be safely guaranteed. Further, the Commissioner will deliver an address. I have not yet learned definitely what her subject is to be, but I am quite certain that it will be captivating, fascinating, thrilling, and make of that eloquent penman that characterizes the Commissioner's utterances, and, delivered with our beloved leader's accustomed vigor, is sure to make a mark for time and eternity on the hearts and minds of those who may be privileged to listen to her.

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Any new features, did you say? Certainly. We always go in for things new. The Salvation Army can no more exist on old triumphs than we can live yesterday over again, except in memory. Among the many interesting features of the Demonstration will be some quite unique. For instance, the youngest concert soloist in Toronto will play a selection in masterly style on her instrument. This prodigy is but nine years of age.

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What shall I say about the smallest drummer in the Salvation Army on earth? This young gentleman is but two years old, and on this auspicious occasion will be seen manipulating the drumsticks with amazing dexterity, keeping splendid time.

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There will also be a grand parade of "Tot's." This regiment of tiny warriors, arrayed in white robes, playing the tinblor, as they go through a series of evolutions in martial style, will be sure to bring down the house.

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Then, what shall I say with regard to the tinblor troupe, with their masterly drills and marches?

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There will also be vivid and realistic representations (in four scenes) of life in a London Slum, an Indian village scene, and a Puritan case.

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Then last, but not least, there will be the grand panoramic representation of the "Evolution of Crime" in living, moving characters. The foregoing, in addition to the Commissioner's grand orchestra, the Commissioner herself playing the harp, the tinbell brigade, the sleigh-hill troupe, the Social Staff, League of Mercy, Men's Social brigade, the famous Staff Band with new tunes, Professor Wiggins' selections on the piano, and all the items of interest, such as solos, duets, etc., impossible for me to mention here, will make up one of the grandest and most glorious programs it is possible to conceive.

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The day? Thursday. The time? 8 o'clock. The date? February 1st. The year? 1910. The building? The Massey Hall. The city? Toronto. Price of admission? By ticket, 10 cents. Will there be a crowd? Yes. Shall I be in time? If you are there at 7 o'clock. Can I depend on a friend? Yes. If no one else is in a friend? Yes. Come early! Come believing! Come praying!

A. G.

## Personal Salvation.

Our whole salvation must be worked out in personal thought, penitence, faith, work, and sacrifice. You must let no one pray in your stead, give in your stead, read the Bible in your stead, slug in your stead, or work in your stead. If you seek great character, if you resolve to make your calling and election free, you must prove the burden of responsibility for out of the weight of responsibility comes the weight of glory.—Rev. W. L. Wilkinson.



## ITALIAN INTELLIGENCE.

(Continued from page 1)

## Here we are in Venice—

picturesque, light, beautiful Venice—where the gondola takes the place of the street car, and where life is supposed to run its course like a poem. A far-fetched supposition indeed! Well, think of the Army on board a gondola, with Brigadier Ciliborn bawling a drum with one hand and guiding his craft with the other, Mrs. Ciliborn fingering a guitar, Staff-Capt. Gordon pulling the oar, an Italian beating the tambourine, and a Venetian girl warbling a Salvation solo to the passengers on the river-streets! This has not yet actually occurred, but something more wonderful has: the Salvation Army has made a start in Venice, and, everything considered, a fair start.

A customs officer, in complete uniform, is among the hopeful converts. The night after he made a public confession of his salvation, his wife, strongly resenting his action, came to the barracks with him.

"It is not good," she said to the officer, "that my husband should have one religion and I another."

"No, certainly not," the officer replied, "why not have

## Both One Religion?"

"What?"

"The religion that loves God, with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself—which makes peace at home, because God reigns in the heart."

The wife was completely surprised to hear such piety come from the lips of one of these strange people, and she had no answer to give.

A thought struck her; she must, by one means or another, prevent her husband attending Army meetings, so she resorted to the undignified stratagem of suggesting that her husband was wrong in his head.

"Since when?" the officer asked.

"Oh—since—" she failed to remember; "but he is, and these meetings are endangering his intellect."

"He does not look it at present, mother," the officer proceeded; and so further impressed was she with the

## Patience and Humanity

of the officer, that the little plan the good wife planned against her husband remained stillborn. And so it has been, and will be, with many plans to impede the progress of salvation in Italy. Brigadier and Mrs. Ciliborn and their officers have not a shadow of doubt as to the triumph of



The Bridge of Sighs, Venice.

The Ducal Palace is seen on the left, and the prison on the right. The bridge received its name from the fact that in the dark ages prisoners were being led across this bridge to torture and execution. It is now one of our open-air stands.

the principles under which they are fighting.

We have just received intelligence that, in reply to a letter from Brigadier Ciliborn, of Turin, Italy, the Duc d'Aosta, who comes next to the Prince of Naples in succession to the throne of Italy, has sent the Brigadier a donation of fifty francs towards the expense of giving the poor of Turin a Christmas dinner. The Brigadier thinks this is the first time that a Catholic Prince has sent a donation to the Salvation Army, and the Brigadier takes it as an indication of the good will of the Duke towards our work in

Turin, and his graceful act has created a feeling in our favor.



Every Alley is Picturesque.

Every building is an individual by itself, different from the rest. Stereotyped rows of houses are unknown.

## NEWSY NOTES.

The General had planned to publish a special New Year's Manifesto, but on account of exceptionally great pressure of work has been unable to do the literary work which he had planned to do. An important article from his forcible pen will, however, appear soon in our columns.

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Major Southall has been considerably encouraged in his solicitation of donations for the Windsor Building Scheme by a donation of \$500 from a citizen. Many others who are able, do likewise.

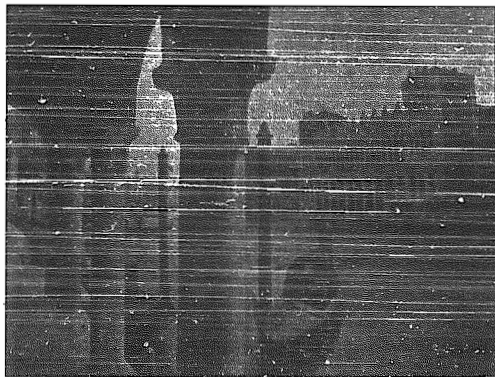
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Skagway reports that fifty-one Indians have been out for salvation, and that a considerable number of these will become Salvation soldiers.

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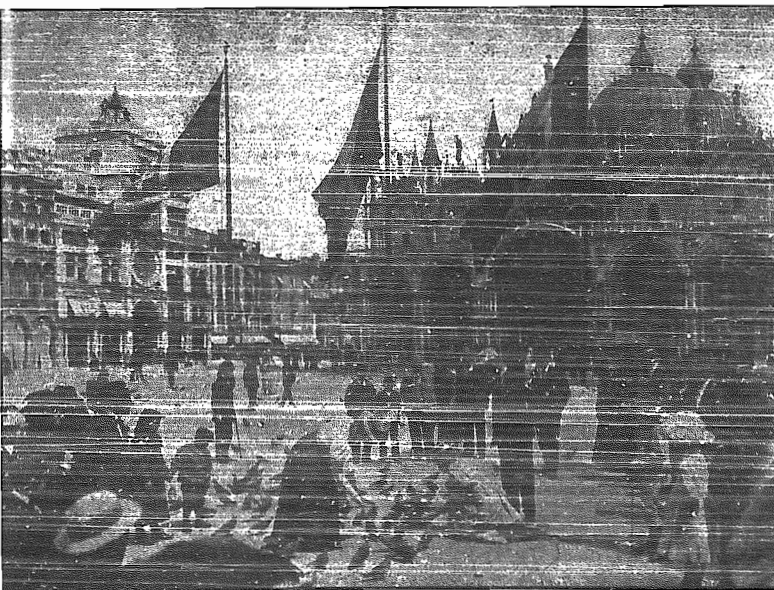
Adj. Dowell, of St. Johns, Nfld., states that he raised \$320 for his target for St. Johns I. Well done!

The devil doesn't care if the world does believe in a Christian, so long as he disbelieves God.



The City of the Sea.

Here the avenues are paved with the liquid emeralds of the Adriatic Sea, and the noise of horses' hoofs and wheels grating on the pavement, which is so annoying in other cities, is absent.



Feeding the Pigeons in St. Mark's Square, Venice.

The bones of St. Mark, the Evangelist, are supposed to lie in the Cathedral seen in this view.

# THE SOLDIERS' BUREAU



## TERSE TOPICS.

### The Double Soldiership.

The situation in South Africa has a painful interest for us all. We cannot forget that so many of our loyal-hearted soldiers of the Blood-and-Fire Flag, who are at the same time soldiers of the Queen, are at this moment at the front holding their lives in their hands. The sympathy intensifies as the news reaches us of those of our own comrades who have fallen in the fight. Amongst the number of Army Leaguers, who belong to the renowned Black Watch regiment, there have fallen some of the truest hearts which ever pledged allegiance to Christ as well as to country. A representative letter from one whose name is in the list of killed appeared before its receipt, speaks of a soul which is strong in the comfort and confidence of the Cross on the eve of active conflict.

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### The Army to the Front.

The special contingent of the Naval and Military League despatched from England is now on "active service." Immediately upon landing they identified themselves with work amongst the sick and wounded. A letter from Pietermaritzburg spoke of the labors of love which they were accomplishing in the hospitals of war, not the least being the despatching of news from the wounded to the anxious ones at home. Long are this, however, we picture some of the party in possession of the permit which enables them to follow troops to the front, there to render any service to anyone in the name of God's love and the universal brotherhood of man. Amidst the suffering and sorrow of war's stern realities, God grant our soldiers grace to be centres of consolation, cheer, and salvation.

## The Children's Basket.

### A DOG'S LETTER.

Jack is the property of Mr. Slade, of Bristol, Eng., and is a splendid collector for the G. B. M. boxes. He seems to possess an almost human intelligence, as if he knew what blessings and benefits were going to arise from the coins he so cordially barks his "Thank you" for. The last from him is this letter to the General:

#### Jack's Letter.

"My Dear General,—Jack the friend of Lazarus, sends five shillings (\$1.20) for the Indian Famine Fund, and hopes soon to be able to send something for the League of Mercy Expedition to South Africa.

"You recollect me at the Exhibition when I collected over £15 (\$72.00), and when I saw you off from the station at Bristol a short time ago. You promised to let me know if I am to be buried at the Farm Colony. I have not yet heard from you.

"You know my kind master has helped the work of the Salvation Army for many years, and if his health permitted he would do more. Hope

you have had a real soul-saving time in Switzerland, and that you returned in safety. Yours faithfully,  
Dog Jack."

#### Jack's Answer.

"My Dear Jack,—Mrs. Booth desires me to answer your letter addressed to the General, and to thank you very warmly by sending you my and patting your sleek black head for the five shillings you so kindly sent for poor India's sufferers. We are sorry to hear your kind master's health is not good; you must take care of him this cold weather, and not let him get out in the cold or damp. Perhaps if you are a little obstinate and refuse to go out on such days you will make him stay at home too. We should not advise many dogs to take matters thus in their own hands; but we know you will never abuse any trust placed in you. The only difficulty that we can foresee about your burial at the Farm Colony is the question of conveying you there should you die some distance away; but perhaps your master has already planned this for you. After all that you have done for the Salvation Army it will be nice to feel you are resting in our own land. With Christian regards to your master and another shake paw with your own dear self, your affectionate friend,  
I am your affectionate friend,  
(Signed) K. Gritton,  
Private Secretary."

## A SOLDIER OF CHRIST AND THE QUEEN.

### What He Did for Santa Lucia.

The uprising of the first harvest led to the sowing of more seed. That was not a very busy station, in a mild and the days being tropically hot, the shade of the large trees were the soldiers' favorite camping grounds in the blazing afternoons. From under their leafy cover his comrades, lounging and smiling in fatigue dress, watched this man setting forth under the broiling sun—his heavy helmet on his head, and a bundle of War Crys under his arm.

"He must be a little mad," they decided, "but it is a very absorbing and seemingly happy infatuation."

How those Crys became his chosen weapon of attack would be a story in itself. The more he read the Articles, the more he felt the exact suitability of its methods to his own character and the spiritual needs of Santa Lucia. But there was no Naval and Military League in those days to link the solitary lad on to Headquarters. So the young artilleryman sent for a "F. O." book and concertina, and, armed with these implements of warfare, started to make a Salvation Army on his own account.

With Mrs. Grant as guide and co-worker, the sergeant set off in his leisure hours for the sugar plantations, where he held some quiet but routine open-air amongst the natives there. He started with Sankey's Hymn Book, but, getting more aggressive in his engagements, discarded it after a time for the red Salvation Song Book.

Then, with his own sergeant as pay for the converts were very, very poor—a little hall was hired, and this was christened the "Barracks," while the weekly two dozen War Crys prospered under the "sergeant-majorship" of Mrs. Grant. Something very like a little corps was soon in fighting order, though the commander-in-chief could claim no kinship with the Army, save

that of his enthusiasm in the work of saving souls.

"And yet," he says, "perhaps, after all, I was a Salvationist, for in that delightful 'Field Officer' book I found the Articles of War, and as they meant a vow after my 'Captain' I signed my name at the 'tail'."

Those were original meetings in the little "barracks." The converts were very bashful, and their testimonies were never long-winded, therefore the young sergeant-of "Captains" as the little band of loving black folk liked to call him—had to do a great deal himself. It was an under-stood thing that he read twice at every meeting. They were very ignorant, and it took time and trouble to instill into their minds the first principles of salvation. But many did grasp them and became changed characters. At last the time came when their "Captain" was taken away. His time of active service in Her Majesty's forces was over, and he was recalled to the Old Country.

There was an affectionate and tearful farewell to his converts, the fruit-render bidding good-bye on board ship, and promising fidelity, to God, the Army, and the work which the soldier's example had taught her to love.

So the young artilleryman departed, leaving what seemed a bright opportunity for pastures new at duty's call. Was it to be a fatal interruption? he wondered.

Two years later, a certain Lance-Corporal in Her Majesty's forces, and a Sergeant in the S. A. Naval and Military League, found himself in Santa Lucia in obedience to British Military orders. He could not, of course, wear any badge to speak his allegiance to the King of Kings, so when off duty he always carried his Bible with him, which never failed to elicit attention, and thus opened up opportunity for talk. One day, as he was walking down one of those roads radiant with the tropical splendour peculiar to the West Indies, a native woman caught sight of the book, and stopping, exclaimed eagerly:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Assured that he was, her next question was:

"But are you Salvation Army?"

"Such words in this dark and far-away little spot, where the Lance-Corporal had no idea any Salvationist had ever set foot, were surprising.

"Yes, I am a Salvationist; but what do you know about the Army here?" he asked.

"Why, 'I'm Salvation Army too,'" was the black woman's delighted response. "I've read the Articles," and pulling the astonished soldier into her hut, she showed him a little room arranged as for a meeting, and with an illuminated copy of the Articles of War fastened on the wall with three signatures appended.

The Lance-Corporal's conduct was pointed delightedly to this trophy.

"Bless of Lord, I signed that long ago," said "my Captain" as he demurely went away, "here he is," and she produced the photo of a young man in the uniform of a sergeant in Her Majesty's army. "What! you've never heard of us! We've brought de Salvation Army to Santa Lucia," why, I was de very first to find the Lord after he come. I'll tell you right away 'bout it."

And Mrs. Grant proceeded to recount the tale which she already told, only at much greater length, and accompanied with considerable rolling of eyes and clapping of hands, as she recalled the scenes in their little barracks further up the hill. But she spoke also of a sequel which we have not told, of the decided stand which had been maintained; of the little Junior's meeting, which she had kept

up in her home after the "Captain" had gone away; and of how the Salvation Army still lived and flourished at Santa Lucia.

Lieutenant King, of the Royal Engineers nearly had his breath taken away by the vivid recital. He was amazed at the tactics of war which had been maintained, and flinging himself gladly into the channel of such opportunity, took up the position of shepherd to this little Salvation flock, and before long the plantation open-air were in full force again, and souls saved were the God-given results.

To-day there is a little band of these "Salvationists" in Santa Lucia, eagerly clamoring from across the sea to Headquarters for officers to be sent there, ready to establish the organization which they had first learned to know through the young Royal Artilleryman. And who is he? Why, a Salvation Army officer, when last we heard of him, hard at work at Inter-university Headquarters. But could you ask Mrs. Grant, in Santa Lucia, who he was, she would most likely reply, without hesitation, "Our first 'Captain'!"—A. L. P.

## What a Soldier Should Know.

### The Object of the Salvation Army.

To persuade the world to submit to God, surrender sin, and embrace the salvation provided by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the Cross, and to enlist all in a holy warfare for all right and against all wrong.

### The Origin of the Army.

The work was commenced by the General, then Rev. Wm. Booth, in 1865, in London, Eng. The meetings which he then conducted in the quagmire of the East End were known as Christian Missions. It was while engaged in the task of presenting the claims of God to the lowest that the General decided upon the present methods, as being most effective, and re-formed his efforts into a military organization.

### The Army's Present Position.

God has owned and multiplied those early efforts with a measure of success which has astonished the world. The Blood-and-Fire Flag now waves over 41 different countries and colonies. The Army has its own papers and magazines are printed in the different languages. We have a total of 15,300 officers and employees who are altogether set apart for the work.

### Who is the General?

The Army's first and present General is the Rev. Wm. Booth. (God bless him!) He is in command of the entire Army.

### Who is Our Commissioner?

The officer who now has the command of the work in this Territory is Commissioner Eva Booth, whose devoted leadership has endeared her to all her officers and soldiers. The Commissioner directs and controls the war throughout the Territory.

### What is Our Territory?

This Territorial Division of the Army's work consists of Canada, Newfoundland, North-West America, and Bermuda.

### How the Army Started Here.

The Army work was first introduced by two soldiers of the work in England, who started meetings on Army lines in London, Ont. These young men are now Brigadier Addie and Staff-Captain Lodge of the States. The Army's first leader in this country was Major (now Commissioner) Coombs.

# Christmas Day in Winnipeg

Over 1,100 Poor and Unfortunate People Fed—Nearly All Nationalities and Conditions Represented—Mayor Andrews Opened Proceedings.

By MAJOR SOUTHALE.

THE recent commemoration of the birth of Him Who distinctly made Himself the Friend of the poor, will stand out in the lives of many whose Christmas cheer was enhanced by a little practical Christianity through our free Christmas dinner effort, as one of the brightest for many years. This is not mere conjecture, for the confession was made by several who sat down to our tables, and regaled themselves in a "good square" of roast beef, roast turkey, potatoes, turnips, apple sauce, plum pudding, nuts, candies, etc., etc.

Many could not express their appreciation in words—not understanding the English language—but the language of their eyes and happy expression spoke it with an eloquence of deeper worth than that of the lip.

I see in my mind's eye over and over again that group of Italians, taking up nearly one side of a table. One squint with a papoose lashed to her back. Baby Indian seemed quite snug, safe and contented in her (to us) unique position, and enjoyed the proceedings immensely. I could not stop to ascertain whether it—I don't know whether it was a boy or girl—got anything to eat, or how it managed to get fed.

eral children, and others sick and unable to come. In one case where there was no food in the house for Sunday, our Visiting Sergeant took

Further, I would like to state that all those who availed themselves of the dinner were not absolutely poor, but for various reasons the season would have been dull and uninteresting but for the brightness of the occasion. No, the Great West has resources unlimited, and almost incomprehensible, only waiting for the skill and labor of man to develop them into actual worth, and yielding immeasurable results. Still, in the great stream of emigration there must be some who are incapable of rising to the demand, and hence fall back—perhaps through unavoidable circumstances—into a condition of helplessness and consequent dismay. Who shall say that an effort that will bring a day of

Day (though they did not feel it any self-doubt) to make the most of the effort. A word of praise might also be given for the service of a few unsaved young men, who were up all night putting up tables, etc.

The pots and stockings were a novelty, creating a good deal of interest, and were well patronized.

Winnipeg people know how to be generous, and know a good thing when they see it. Hence the splendid appreciation the Army has in the minds of her best people, and hence, also, the success of the Christmas dinner and the consequent gladdening of hundreds of hearts this Christmas season.

—/—

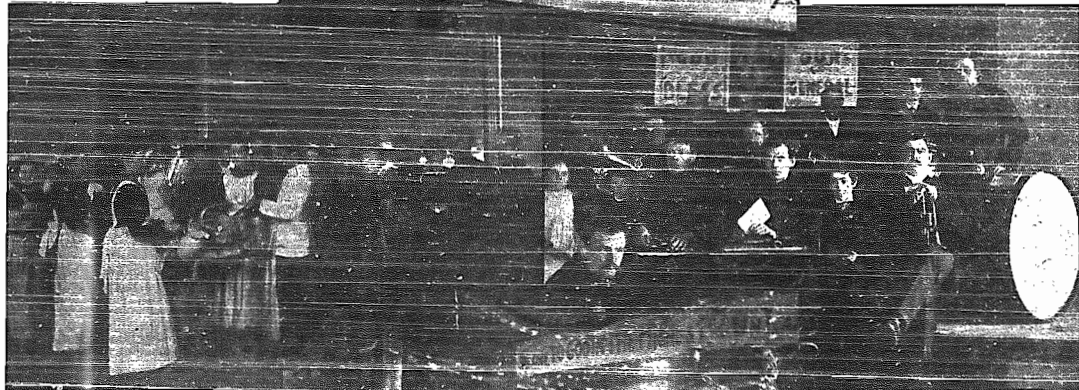
[From Winnipeg Morning Telegram, 24-12-1914.]

## THE SALVATION ARMY DINNER.

Over Eleven Hundred Poor People Fed.

Christmas Day was a red letter day in Salvation Army circles in this city, the occasion being the free Christmas dinner for 1,000 poor, and notwithstanding the predictions that not one hundred poor could be collected, the Army fed no less than 1,173 persons, without taking into account the officers, soldiers, and others who assisted to feed the crowd during the day. The tables were set for 240 persons, and at 12 o'clock all seats were full and a large crowd waiting. Mayor Andrews was present at the opening and addressed the crowd. He was followed by Major Southall and Santa Claus, after which the feast began.

To the Salvation Army is due no small credit for its generosity in providing a number of dinners to the deserving poor of the city. It seems a pity that there were no fewer than 1,173 persons to avail themselves of



A Group of Doukhobors

Over there is a group of Doukhobors smiling happy. Here's a whole bunch of a table of about 60 children pitching into the smoking delicacies with a hearty relish. It was worth more than the choicest roast turkey and the usual accompaniments in the quiet of one's own home to see that crowd enjoy themselves. Then there was the unfortunate, the hobo, the drunk—though not drunk now—and others.

Several shook my hand and said, "My, mister, but that was a good dinner!" Everything went off like clockwork, no waiting, no confusion, no cross word. Duties were assigned to various persons as superintendents, who had their assistants, and all stuck to their post, and did their duty. Hence the expression of several influential people who called during the morning as to the system with which everything was done.

Santa Claus, who had made friends with the children during the week, by giving candy when he met them, gave a bag containing nuts, candy, and an apple or orange to everyone who came to the feast. "Big Injun" did a war dance with Santa Claus.

Four Hundred Meals Sent to Homes.

One of the features of the effort was the sending of 400 basket-meals to people who could not come to the barracks. Some of these were quarantined, through infection in the home. Some were widows with sev-

some meat, etc., on seeing which the old lady said, "Thank God, my prayer is answered." Seven meals were sent out on Saturday night.

The proceedings were opened by His Worship, the Mayor, who gave some good counsel and advice to the guests. Whatever the past, the future was their's to make of it what they would; and in this connection it would not be out of place to state that this has been characteristic of Mayor Andrews' administration. The civic authorities are most attentive to any poor brought to their notice.

sunlight and gladness to such is not only commendable, but a duty, devolving upon those better favored?

Thanks?

I should scarcely be doing justice to my brave Chancellor—Adj. Cass—did I not mention the heroic service he rendered. Then there is Adj. Kerr, Esquire Ottaway, and all the officers in the city. Then a number of our brave soldiers and several friends who gave their time freely, and denied themselves of rest and their Christmas

the Army's hospitality, but it is also comforting to reflect that all applying were supplied with Christmas delicacies until the inner man was more than satisfied.

## Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I;  
Fame, love and fortune on my foot-  
steps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing

Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or  
late

I knock unbidden once at every gate.  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise  
Before I turn away. It is the hour of

late  
And they who follow me reach every  
state

Mortal's desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or  
hesitate

Condemned to failure, penury and woe  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

Surely love conquers all, is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul, who hath not enjoyed it.



## GAZETTE.

## Promotion—

Cadet Peacock, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Dundas.

## Appointments—

MRS. MAJOR COOPER to take charge of Goderich.

ADJT. ORCHARD, of Palmerston Corps and District, to Stratford Corps and District.

ADJT. BLACKBURN, of Windsor Corps and District, to Petrolia Corps and District.

ADJT. McAMMOND, of London Corps, to Brantford Corps and District.

ADJT. McHARG, of Brantford Corps and District, to Simcoe Corps and District.

ADJT. BRADLEY, of Port Arthur, to Neewawa.

ENSIGN WAKEFIELD, of Simcoe Corps and District, to take charge of London Corps.

ENSIGN M. GREEN, of Stratford Corps and District, to take charge of Windsor Corps.

ENSIGN BRANIGAN, of Wingham, to Sarnia.

ENSIGN SCOTT, of Wallaceburg, to St. Thomas.

ENSIGN COLLIER, of Listowel, to Wingham.

ENSIGN TAYLOR, of Regina Corps and District, to Port William.

ENSIGN A. HAYES, of Devil's Lake Corps and District, to Port Arthur.

ENSIGN HYDE, of Social Farm, to Dovercourt Corps.

Cadet A. Duder, of St. Johns Men's Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Burin.

Cadet A. Knight, of St. Johns Men's Training Garrison, to be Probationary Lieutenant at Bonne Bay.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

# MISS BOOTH'S NEW YEAR'S DINNER

With Her T. H. Q. and Toronto City Officers

—AT—

LIPPINCOTT ST. BARRACKS.

The New Year's dinner has now become a regular institution in Toronto, and is looked forward to with much anticipation of cheerful social intercourse and spiritual blessing. About a hundred Staff and Field Officers assembled at the hotel, Wednesday, Jan. 3rd, in response to the General Secretary's letter.

The tables were well provided with the ingredients that constitute an orthodox Christmas dinner, and ample justice was done to the spread of good things. It was a wise man who first stated that cheerful conversation, with an occasional laugh, aided digestion's progress; and this advice was followed in this instance; indeed, it was well, otherwise we fear nightmares would have claimed numerous victims, and disturbed their rest during the succeeding night.

After the repast, some time was allowed for the clearing away of the tables, and the arranging of seats, before the meeting began.

A swinging song, some hot prayers and choruses, soon brought every mind into being with the spirit of the occasion. A number of speakers were called upon for their after-dinner speeches.

## After Dinner Speeches.

Major Smeeton started the ball rolling with a neat address, wisely worded and expressive of peace and prosperity, as well as good-will.

He was followed by an old veteran, Capt. Peacock, who gave a soundly ringing personal testimony.

Staff-Capt. Archibald reported progress personally in his corps, and believes that the city is at the feet of the Salvation Army; while Adjutant

Scarr made a trim, well-wordsed stump-speech that took everybody by surprise, and was finished before we knew it. "The angels may envy my place as a soul-winner, but I've got it," were her finishing words.

A proper agricultural address by the farm-governor, Adj. Miles, was much applauded.

Then followed Mrs. Read, in her well-known able manner, and Major Turner, full of hope and push.

At this juncture Staff-Capt. Creighton sang a verse of

"'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,"

The sea of love is rolling in."

The next speaker was Brigadier Friedrich, who declared his determination to seek the better advancement of the cause dear to us all.

Staff-Captain Manton interestingly dwelt on his early recollection of the Salvation Army 17 years ago.

Brigadier Pugmire earnestly spoke of the great desire to save souls, which he meant to do more diligently during this year than ever.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts spoke of his godly mother and her influence upon his life, and aptly referred to the beautiful dying words of D. L. Moody.

Colonel Jacobs was himself. He chose his illustration well and spoke to the point.

The Commissioner's rising was the signal for a deafening and prolonged applause.

## The Commissioner's Talk

was fervent and timely. Her words quickened all the impulses that make for righteousness, strengthened every holy ambition, and sharpened our spiritual perception. Sorry as we were to still notice traces of her recent indisposition, yet we also perceived the intensity of her spirit surmounting all obstacles, and reaching out in the endeavor to inspire those under her charge to greater daring and more telling toil in the great task of bringing this world to Christ. We sincerely hope that she may write the eagerly hoped for book she has written a desire to pen for the War Cry. "Wanted, Better Eyesight!"

May we all be quickened to perceive opportunities to bless, to help, to find, and to save!—An Officer.

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The Toronto Company of the Canadian Cootings, with 200 Queenlanders, have scored a victory by capturing a camp of Cape Dutch rebels near Sunnyside. The larger, with tents, rifles, and records, and forty prisoners, was taken, while the loss was only two Queenlanders. Dordrecht has been abandoned by the British. General French engaged the Boers with success, killing fifty and taking fifty prisoners. He controls the bridges across the Orange River near that place. In a more recent night attack by the Suffolk Regiment, the Boers gained a victory, with about fifty killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners.—Kuturman, in Bechnunna, which has been bravely defended by the South African Police for two months, has fallen. The Boers captured 120 prisoners and a quantity of ammunition. A Mafeking despatch, of the 15th inst., states that the Boers, which resulted in a loss of 21 killed and 33 wounded out of a total of 80 men who composed the storming party. Colonel Plumer, with 2,000 Rhodesian troops, is marching to the relief of Mafeking. The passengers of the captured steamer "Bendacraht" have been allowed to proceed to Lorenzo Marquez. Two other steamers, "General" and "Herzog," of the same German line, have been detained; the latter has since been released. One of the American vessels detained has been allowed to proceed, but was compelled to discharge her cargo of flour, which is warehoused pending a decision of the prize court. The German and the American Governments have lodged protests against the seizures. General White, who has just returned from fever, reports that the Boers attacked Ladysmith on Saturday, Jan. 6th, and were repulsed. A desperate fighting ensued which lasted all day. Some of the outlying British trenches were taken and re-taken three times. Not until daylight were the attacking forces driven back by the British. At the point of the bayonet—a battle near Colenso is impending.

## INTERNATIONAL NEWS.

The French Government (Senate) has condemned the conspirators against the Republic, Mm. Buffet, Salicrue, and Deroulle to ten years' banishment; M. Guichard, the anti-Semite who so long harried his house against the police, was sentenced to ten years' confinement in a fortified place.—The French are reported to have been defeated by the Chinese in a recent engagement. The French lost 30 men. The trouble arose over the murder of two French naval officers by Chinese.—The Austro-Hungarian Government has announced a loan of 100 million dollars, on the immediate increase of her army and navy, as a result of the critical European situation.—The German Emperor, in his New Year's speech to his troops, stated that he was firmly resolved to preserve the unity of the Empire, and to make the navy as efficient as the army.—It is believed that the modus vivendi between Great Britain and France regarding Newfoundland will be extended for another year.—Denmark is anxious to sell her West Indian possessions, which have been offered to the U. S. A. for 74 million dollars.—The New York State Commissioner recommends that 20 million dollars be expended in improving the inland waterways.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. Brooks, of the Church Missionary Society, stationed at Ping-Tin, was murdered by Chinese rebels on Dec. 3rd. The British steamer, Rong-chase, of Glasgow, foundered off Cape Finisterre, in a hurricane; 22 lives were lost, only nine survived.—Miss Rachel Ferguson, of Toronto, 28 years of age, was murdered behind the jail by an unknown man, apparently for robbery.—The Bubonic Plague is spreading in Honolulu, and infected buildings are burned. The Asiatic quarters of the city are quarantined. Mabel Field, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 18 years, saved a passenger train from plunging over a burning bridge, by raising the dangerous signal just in time.



PRINTED FOR EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, CO. 1000, at the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by J. M. C. G. at the Salvation Army Printing House, 10 Adelaide Street, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, 5 A. T. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, deposits, and change of address, should be addressed to THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, 5 A. T. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper. The paper should be of good quality. All manuscripts, (written matter intended for publication) can be sent on the risk, without other postage per line carried, if enclosed in unopened envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

## The Massey Meeting.

The topic at Territorial Headquarters is the coming Massey Hall Demonstration. Every preparation is being made to make it the climax of anything yet attempted. Miss Booth is anxious that it should be such, and both the Chief and the General Secretary are busy with the arrangement of the details.

Of course, the influence of such a meeting is not only felt in the city of Toronto, but spreads throughout the whole Territory. Inspiring our brave and devoted tellers in the ice-bound Yukon District, and quickening the pulse of the workers in Newfoundland.

For details of the meeting we refer to the General Secretary's notes on page four, and to the advertisement on page sixteen.

Let every comrade pray that the Commissioner's physical strength may be fully equal to the occasion, and that the object-lessons of the meeting, backed by the intensely-felt words of the Commissioner, may in an excep-

tional manner advance the cause so dear to her heart.

We are pleased to be able to say that there is every indication that Miss Booth will be in satisfactory health for the occasion.

## Colonel Jacobs and String Band at the Central Prison

### THIRTEEN SEEKERS FOR SALVATION.

The Chief Secretary, the writer, and the String Band conducted Sunday afternoon's service at the Central Prison. Three hundred men gathered together in the church attached. The Colonel was at his best, and for about half an hour held that crowd of men spell-bound, as he unfolded the ways and means of salvation. The writer has ever attended. At the close of the address 13 stood to their feet promising to give themselves to God.

The prisoners were delighted with the String Band, and we felt a melo-dious influence while they played. "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

The prison can boast of a good choir, composed of about a dozen men, and these are assisted by prisoners, and the Prisoners' Aid Society.

Dr. Gilmore, the Chief Warden, and Mrs. Gilmore were present and enjoyed the service. Also the Deputy. After the service the writer took the Colonel round the galleries, and it was very easy to see how they enjoyed his visit.

Dr. Gilmore is arranging for the Commissioner to conduct a special service at the Central in the near future.—Brigadier Pugmire, Men's Social Sec-

## HEADQUARTERS' HAPPENINGS.

### By ONE IN IT.

The Men-Cadets who are in Training now at the Temple will, it is announced, be commissioned about the 1st of February.

—[X]—

The arrangements for the Field Commissioner's big meetings in Massey Hall, in February, are attracting the attention of several of Headquarters' officers.

—[X]—

About twenty men Cadets will be coming into Training for the next session.

—[X]—

Adj. Adams now fills the position of J. S. S.-M. at Dovercourt.

—[X]—

Ensign Hyde, late of the Farm Colony, has just been appointed to the command of the Dovercourt corps.

—[X]—

Special prayer is made each day at our noon knell for our comrades who are at the battle's front in the present South African war.

—[X]—

Adj. Atwell, of the Editorial Staff, has a brother, also a Coldstream Guards now on active service in South Africa.

—[X]—

Major McMillan appears to be improving. Comrades, pray for him. Alex., one of the Major's sons, is now employed in the General Secretary's office at T. H. Q.



CHASING  
THE  
DEVIL

## THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General spent his watch-outing in Leeds. He also visited Hudding, and conducted some excellent meetings in the Town Hall.

Viscount Hampden, will preside at the Annual Thanksgiving meeting of the Women's Social Work. Previous to the meeting his lordship inspected several branches of the Social Scheme.

The Postal Department on 1. H. Q. work at high pressure at Christmas-tide; this year the rush has been above the average. Adjt. Gritton, the faithful Secretary for International affairs to Mrs. Booth, said that her Department also received and answered 160 letters, on an average, per day during the Christmas season.

Brigadier Jolliffe's Departmental Section dealt with eighty thousand pieces of literature in four days preceding Christmas week.

Some of the Christmas gifts sent to Mrs. Booth for distribution among the slums are often amusing. The latest was a trifle entertaining; it consisted of a completely-furnished "Punch and Judy" property.

The Chief's meetings with the London bandmen at Clapton appear to have greatly delighted those who were present. Major Slater has received some hundred letters from bandmasters and bandmen, all expressing the utmost appreciation of the Chief's fatherly counsel and wise insight into the bandmen's special temptations and needs.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

The latest South African Cry says: We understand that several members of the Canadian Contingent, who arrived in Cape Town on Thursday, and have since proceeded to the front, were closely associated with the Salvation Army in various parts of the Dominion right up to the time of their departure. They speak in the very highest terms of the Field Commissioner, and agree that she is doing a wonderful work in Canada. Some of the Australian troops, also, know the Army well, and rate the Commandant as a great leader.

Many of our officers formerly of the Old Country, and now on duty in South Africa, are receiving most anxious enquiries from their relatives and friends across the water. Some of them have but a poor conception of the size of Africa, and of the hundreds of miles which, in so many cases, separate our officers from the actual scene of hostilities.

In the event of the relief of Kimberley being effected, we expect in the near future to receive thrilling stories from some of our devoted officers who have been shut up in langer for the past five or six weeks. Their experiences will be read with exceeding interest.

From Pietermaritzburg, Capt. Marmaduke H. Ashman writes: "Adj. Murray is visiting the soldiers who are in hospital, while I do the camps. There are a number of people here who have relatives who are fighting on both sides. All being well, we hope to get through to Mool River next Monday. On our journey here by boat we had a nice meeting on board on the Sunday night. Adj. Murray leading.

Brigadier Houch, Sergt. Wade, of the Army Pay Corps, and I also said a few words. We have a large number of soldiers here down with dysentery. Will write again as soon as I have any news."

## INDIA.

Commissioner Higgins spent a very busy ten days after returning from South India. He then went on a tour in the Punjab and N.-W. P.

The Commissioner keeps fairly well only, and has felt the fatigue of his journeys more than usual. His Private Secretary says that one English mail just sent off has beaten the record as to size, number of letters, and perhaps also in the variety and importance of matters dealt with.

The effects of the distress are steadily growing more acute. The resources of the people are becoming smaller, so that larger numbers are forced to the relief works, and especially among the children and old and infirm, suffering is increasing.

The Madras Government has been pleased to grant a license to Major Sukh Singh, empowering him to solemnize marriages in all Territory under the administration of the Madras Government.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Staff-Capt. Bojsen, in charge of Iceland, speaks highly of the kind treatment accorded our officers by the merchants and officials of the country. One firm recently donated 200 pounds of dry cod; another friend gives the rent of the barracks and officers' quarters of the local corps; a third has presented the Shelter at Reykjavik with an acre of garden ground, which is a valuable asset. The Shelter is a much-appreciated institution.

The war in Paris makes encouraging headway. A splendid soul-saving work is taking hold at each corps. The eighth has just been successfully opened, and a hall has also been secured for the ninth. The work at Rue Auber is especially inspiring. The hall is crowded continually with people of every class and of every nationality.

Major Jang Bahadur, a sketch of whose pioneer work among the Beels appeared in a recent issue of All the World, embarked recently on his return to India. The Major has spent a lengthy furlough in Sweden, his native country, and returns with greatly improved health and increased ardour to the Indian war.

## UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES

The Commissioner and Consul visited the Cherry Tree Children's Home on the occasion of the Christmas Tree, and presided over the program for the evening.

Colonel Higgins led the Sunday and watch-night services in the Memorial Hall, New York, and 74 souls were recorded at the penitent form.

Sister Mrs. Smith, of Lewiston, is a War Cry boomer of seven years' standing, and is now over 80 years of age.

Brigadiers Chandler and Cox are ill.

Staff-Capt. T. H. Adams fed 2,300 poor on Christmas Day in Pittsburgh, and Major Cousins fed 600 in Troy. Staff-Capt. Adams said he noticed one man eat five plates of turkey and potatoes, with bread to match, so to speak!

In Philadelphia during the collection for the Christmas dinner, a Cadet was charged with looking after two collecting boxes that were fastened to the lamp posts on the opposite sides of the street from each other. The Cadet becoming hungry, and to regular relief appearing, he hailed a policeman, and said, with an air of authority, "Here officer, I want to go to dinner. Please mind my boxes, will you?" And he did. He remained on guard until the Cadet returned.

The O. K. and Southern Division has in its records for Christmas War Cry sales the following: New Orleans 1, 1,200; Mansfield, O., 1,228; Cleveland IV, 1,100; Cincinnati I, 1,000; Toledo 1,000, and Youngstown, 1,000. These are fine figures.

Brigadier Addle, in the latest "Kant-o-Tex," gives us the following cheery report:

Looking back upon the two months and a half we have been privileged to work in the South West, we cannot but raise our hearts and voices in praise to God Who has helped us so wonderfully. It seems almost too early to give out a statement of advances, and yet the progress made justifies our doing so. The most conspicuous advances are as follows:

(1) Twelve new corps have been opened.

(2) The War Cry raised 1,500 copies weekly over the number previously taken.

(3) Nearly \$750.00 Divisional debt has gradually been wiped out.

(4) The Village War has been successfully launched.

(5) The Citadel Hotel enlarged by 10 rooms.

(6) A Divisional Band of 10 pieces has been organized.

(7) A Singing Brigade has been got together.

(8) Nearly 20 Candidates have been secured.

(9) The Corps liabilities have been reduced over \$500.00.

(10) A Relief Department has been instituted.

Besides the foregoing we might mention that quite a few notable conversions have taken place, and this, together with the unparalleled success of the Christmas dinner and our relief work, has brought the Army more than ever before the notice of the public, and this, of course, is of substantial benefit all round.

Lieut.-Colonel Holz, of Cleveland, has this to say about a splendid Christmas celebration in Cleveland:

"This has been a gigantic success everywhere. Here in Cleveland the Gray's Army was a scene of marvellous activity all day. The tables covering the whole floor of the armory, were filled three times and some of them four. Crowds of sympathetic friends filled the balconies and galleries. United States Senator, Hanna, presided and delivered a stirring address, exhorting the Army, which was cheered again and again by the mighty crowd. 500 baskets of food were given out by Staff-Captain Wood to poor families, and the day following Christmas hundreds more received supplies of food and clothing. Fully two thousand children and a thousand adults gathered at the Armory Christmas night for the Christmas Tree Demonstration. The tree, a masterpiece put together by Staff-Capt. Wood and Ensign Van Dyke, reached to the foot of the armory, some sixty-five feet high. The press declared it was the biggest tree in the world. In all fully 7,000 men, women, and children have been aided by us this Christmas in Cleveland."

"Prayer can obtain anything; can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leaves a blessing; can open the treasures of rain, and often the iron rib of rock till they melt into a flowing river; can arrest the sun in its career, and send the winds upon errands."

## Coming Events.

## MISS BOOTH

AND HER

## X X LIVING SCENES

Massey Hall, Thursday February 1.

LIEUT. COLONEL, and  
MRS. MARGETTS

will conduct a

## Special Soul-Saving Campaign

Lippincott St. Barracks every night from

Friday, January 19th, to

Sunday, January 28th.

## BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

Will Conduct Special Meetings at

HAMILTON I., Sat. Sun. and Mon., Jan. 20, 21, 22.

THE TEMPLE, Friday, Jan. 19 and 20.

## MAJOR PICKERING

will visit

Springhill, Tuesday, Jan. 23.

Halifax I., Wednesday, Jan. 24.

Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 25, 26.

Bridgetown, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 27, 28.

Campbellton, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 3, 4.

Chatham, Monday, Feb. 5.

Newcastle, Tuesday, Feb. 6.

New Glasgow, Thursday, Feb. 8.

Glouce Bay, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 10, 11.

Sydney, Monday, Feb. 12.

North Sydney, Tuesday, Feb. 13.

## MRS. MAJOR PICKERING,

assisted by

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Rawling and Capt.

Stobbs,

will visit

Carleton, Sunday, Jan. 28.

St. John III., Sunday, Feb. 4.

## East Ontario Province, Attention!

## BRIGADIER PUGMIRE,

THE NEW PROVINCIAL OFFICER,

Will Conduct Welcome Meetings

as follows:

Peterboro, Tuesday, Jan. 23.

Montreal I., Thursday, Jan. 25.

Montreal II., Friday, Jan. 26.

Cornwall, Saturday, Jan. 27.

Kingston, Sunday, Jan. 28.

## Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Toronto, Thursday, Jan. 18, to Wednesday, Jan. 21.

## ENSIGN BURROWS.

Faversham, Thursday, Jan. 18.

Mankfield, Friday, Jan. 19.

Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 20, 21.

Winnipeg, Monday, Jan. 22.

Chesley, Tuesday, Jan. 23.

Menford, Wednesday, Jan. 21.

## ENSIGN PERRY.

Fargo, Thursday, Jan. 18.

Grand Forks, Friday, Jan. 19.

Grafton, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Jan. 20, 21, 22.

Emerson, Tues. and Wed., Jan. 23, 24.

## ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Cranbrook, B. C., Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 18, 19.

Fernie, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Jan. 20, 21, 22.

Fort Steel, Tuesday, Jan. 23rd.

# WOMAN'S WORK.

## Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. E. ROACH.

### LESSON VIII.

#### HOW TO MARRY WISELY.

Then, there is this lesson also that we learn from the study of the life of this noble woman of God, and it is a lesson of vital importance to both young men and women, because there is so much involved in it, not only in relation to this life, but also in relation to the life which is to come. It is the vital question of marriage. The family, the community, the church, the state, and the world, all are dependent upon the institution of marriage; and this institution was ordained by God in the time of man's innocency in Paradise. God only ordained three institutions—the family, the church, and the state. To these three institutions the subject of our lecture belonged, and gave her heart, and soul, and time, and talents, to build them up. She was devoted to the family, to the church, and to the state, and she was standing on a very delicate ground in venturing to speak on this subject, so vital to the male, and more so to the female, side of the house. Woman was created for man, and man was created for woman. In the sense created for Catherine Mumford was created for William Booth, and William Booth was created for Catherine Mumford; and the Booth family, the Salvation Army, and the peopling of the world with precious Blood-bought souls is the grand outcome of the union formed by this young man and woman over forty-two years ago. I must be very careful as to what I say on this question of more than ordinary importance.

#### "Making Matches."

It is the easiest thing in the world to settle somebody else's matrimonial arrangements, but when it comes to settle one's own it is quite another question, and those who are most ready to give advice upon it make the most egregious blunders in their own matrimonial affairs. John Wesley made a rule that none of the preachers should marry without laying the character, and tastes, and piety of the woman of his choice before the brethren. It was very good advice, and it ended in him marrying a miserable vixen of a woman, who was unworthy of the hand and heart of any man in marriage. More blunders are made in this line of life than in any other, and there is only one class of people who make more blunders than men in their marriages, and that is women in the men whom they suffer to marry them. Let us put the young men and women on the stand for a moment. Let me hear with the young man. What kind of a wife do you want? Well, she must be a woman of good common sense, sound in judgment, wise in counsel. She must be a first-class house-keeper, and make home as much like heaven as possible. She must have a fair education. I do not say she must have graduated from some university, and be able to talk different languages—an average woman will do as much very good language as a man cares to hear. But her education counts for something if her husband should be called to fill some important position in the state or in church affairs. If her husband were a professional man—say a barrister, or a judge, or a physician, or a statesman, or a clergyman—she should be able to fill her position as his wife with grace and nobility. If you intend to choose a wife, I think I will advise you or you to choose your occupation first.

#### First a Place, Then a Wife.

You cannot find what will be the principal qualities needed in a wife until you have determined what shall be the particular sphere of life in which you intend to move. When you have settled your occupation or profession, then choose one who will have with you similar tastes, and will be able to move in the society in which you move with gracefulness and dignity. Then, she should be a good cook and able to do all kinds of household work, and if the servant struck for higher wages, the wife ought to be able to say to

the girl, "Here is your money, and there is the door—go. I am equal to your work and mine, too." If she knew she had to go she wouldn't want to. Then, she must be economical. There is only one thing that exceeds a man's ability to earn money, and that is woman's ability to spend it. Some women will keep their husbands poor and in debt no matter how much they may earn. Economy is a lesson that every wife should learn and practice. They should keep a strict account of all their receipts and disbursements. Some women, and men, too, do not know what strict economy means. Then another excellence in a good wife is, she must love her home. If it is only an inferior little cottage, and spend most of her time in her own house and in the house of God. I would not have her always in the kitchen doing the rough work, but she must love her home, and husband, and children, and God. A woman must be willing for the sake of her children, to do, under the influence of reason and religion, what the bird does from the untaught impulses of nature. Her children are a charge for which she

must forego some of the advantages and disadvantages, as well as the enjoyments, of social life and even some of the social pleasures of religion. She who would have a maternal power over her children must give her company to them. It is not for her to be ever craving after parties, or to feel it a hardship to be denied them. The secret of her beneficent influence lies in a life of retirement. Thus Paul's counsel is very good, wherein he says, "Teach the young women to be keepers at home." I would not have a woman incarcerated in her own house, so as never to go abroad or enter into company. She who is devoted to her family needs occasional relaxation amidst the pleasures of society, and especially the exhilarating engagements of public worship. There are some mothers who are such absolute slaves to their children that they scarcely ever stir from their house—even to the house of God. This is an error in one extreme, which may be avoided by method and despatch. But some run into the opposite extreme, and will not even for the benefit of their children, give up a social party, or a public meeting. The woman who is not prepared to make any sacrifices of this kind should never think of entering the marriage life. A married woman, or any other woman, has not any time to waste in going to balls, and dancing parties, and theatres; sometimes flirting with their women's husbands, neglecting the duties of wife and mother. A good wife will look well after her own husband.

(To be continued.)



By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Murder.

"Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

The house of the Conways was situated in a very respectable suburb of Blad.

With a piteous look upon her face the widowed mother sat watching late one night for the return of her son. She sent up a prayer for help, and felt comforted.

She was resolved that she would appeal to Ralph that night, and do her utmost to bring about a change of living. Her sorrow was eating her very life away. She felt she could no longer endure this great burden, and when she passed away the last link that bound her boy to hope and goodness would be snapped—then what would become of him?

Hour after hour the little time-piece on the mantle marked in their flight. Still no step was heard.

Midnight sounded—still she kept her vigil.

The hired helper had long since gone home. Mrs. Conway kept on in her house at night, lest they should spread the story of her son's disgrace. Poor soul, she did not know how swiftly such reports had travelled.

A great fear and loneliness fell upon her. She could no longer shake it off. The boy of Ralph's set were having a "hot time" down in the city that night. What scenes were witnessed in the strictly private room of a certain rendezvous shall not be named, but at an early hour in the morning the party broke up.

It had been an extra time of drinking, of hilarity, and excess. So much so that Ralph's nerves—it must have been so, surely no mortal man could descend to such depths of deep savagery as Conway did, apart from such a condition. We must believe it was so—whether it was so or not, the fact of what took place is dreadfully true, and that is the saddest part of this sad chapter in two human lives. Ralph's nerves, already wrecked, gave way under the venom of the various drinks—they sting like a serpent and bite like an adder—and the laugh

with which he left the gilded glitter of the "blase" circle of his associates changed as he made his rapid, though unsteady, way toward the home where his mother, woe-begone and wasted, still watched for his return.

He stumbled and stumbled at the door, but could not fit the key into its place.

Mrs. Conway went forward and unlatched the door, then stood back, just under the gas-light, to let him enter. He met her gaze of grief and horror with a wild leer. Then he made as though he would dart past her up the stairs.

She knew not her danger, dear heart. She stretched at him and held his arm with both hers. "Is this my Ralph?" she screamed. "Ralph, Ralph!" she called in pleading tones, as though he were a friend.

A fearful, hollow "Hu, hu, hu," was his response.

He sought to escape her, but she would not let him go.

His face glowered with the glare of a fearful madness as though flummed with wild shafts of red light from the house at night, lest they should spread the story of her son's disgrace.

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## The Lamp of His Law.

### THE SPIES' MISSION.

Joshua II. 8-14.

Joshua's position as leader of the Children of Israel was now an accomplished fact. It did not take him long to prove himself in possession of those efficient traits necessary to the guidance and control of a nation—in short, he speedily manifested that his appointment had been of Divine ordering.

He showed wisdom before he showed courage. This is very essential in a leader. There are some who consider that daring and caution cannot be united, but in the master mind of a multitrade they should always blend. In Joshua they did so.

Subsequent events proved how far from lacking in courage was Israel's new leader when actually confronted by the foe, but he valued the safety of his charge too much to risk it unnecessarily. Bravery and bravado are two very different things. Hence, having brought, under God's leading, the people to Jordan's boundary line he halted for the purpose of reconnoitering. The errand of the spies would discover the numbers and strength of the foe. How many a battle has been lost or won through the knowledge or ignorance of the enemy's position. The secret of success or failure depends mainly on this. It is a bad thing to overestimate your opponent, but it is even more dangerous to under-estimate him.

The story of the peril, safety, and success, which attended the spies' mission is one of those remarkable instances of the marvellous preservation and prosperity with which God delights to surround those who run His errands. We can but think that some message of revelation was sent to the heart of this heathen woman, which enabled her to discern the righteous errand and personal danger of the two strangers who lodged at her house. Her faithfulness to God's messengers did not go unrewarded—the safety of herself and her relatives was the outcome when the city lay at the mercy of the Heaven-blessed invaders.

Yet the woman had something to do in her own salvation. Without the scarlet line, which she had bound at her visitors' direction, in her window all that her house contained would have fallen victims with those of her neighbors. Is not this scarlet line in Jericho, as was the blood directed to be marked upon the doorposts at the institution of the Passover in Egypt, the symbol of the eternal salvation of God? The Blood of Christ is the one and only sign in which dwells safety in the hour when God's justice shall visit the universe.

Referring to the proposed free reading room, Mr. Wright said, "It appears to me the S. A. is the proper agency to deal with the conditions and class of people in Dawson City, and take up this work. We must give it our support."

God can always fill an emergency. We may fancy ourselves indispensable to His cause, yet, all the same, when the time comes for us to step out of the work, He will have another man ready to step into it. Moses' readiness to end and Joshua's willingness to begin were both the result of a perfect subjection to the will of God. It is through such men He delights to manifest Himself to the world.

## CORRESPONDENTS' UNHEALTHY CLAT



The representative of the composing room wore anything but a composed expression. "Look at this," he exclaimed, thrusting long our reluctant grasp a document which we recognized as a corps report. "The type-setter's done his best, the foreman's done his best, and I've done my best, but what this thing's meant for we can none of

us make out." We sighed a despairing sigh, having struggled through those hieroglyphics ourselves, as we strove to make them legible. The writing of the report in question was beyond description. The correspondent, who shall be nameless, will now understand why he looked in vain for the production of his pen last week.

## The Cart Before the Horse.

That incident decided for us what subject our "Clat" should discuss this week. It may be criticized that to deal with HOW a report should be written before suggesting WHAT should be written is putting the cart before the horse! But seeing that, in some cases, it is one with extreme difficulty that we can decipher the matter of the reports at all, we brave the criticism and proceed to one of the greatest essentials in the scribbling world—

## Writing that Can be Read.

We are not all born to greatness nor to achieve exquisite triumphs of copper-plate penmanship, but should we not at least attempt to make ourselves understood? In our school-days it was sufficient if our efforts might all be classed under "pot books and bangers," but to have our work described as "flower pots," or the fantastic imprint of a fly's ink foot, seems a bit of a disgrace. In writing for the press extra slashes and dashes may well be dispensed with—instead of putting in time at ornamenting, take a little extra to form each letter plainly, so that the printers' eye-sight and temper may not be taxed beyond endurance. Most of our War Cry is set on the Linotype, and as the speed of this is necessarily great, the operator has not time to do a lot of puzzling out. But a word to the wise is sufficient!

## Black Ink and White Paper.

The need for a hint of preference for the two commodities is greater than some may think. The writer has been confronted sometimes with a report pile representing almost every color of the rainbow. Don't use artistic bias in ink—the effect is most dazzling.

White paper is infinitely preferred to yellow, and for "copy" purposes, should be neither too large nor too small. There have been reports which it needed a yard measure to estimate, and others so small that it was a miracle if they were not lost altogether. Do we need to remind our correspondents that reports should never be written on both sides of the paper?

Note.—What we have said re white paper need not affect the use of post cards, which some of our contributors may find the most convenient.

## The Best Report of the Week.

## SKAGWAY.

The Indian work grows apace and it is getting very interesting. We are now having two Indian meetings on Sunday—one at 9 a.m. and another at 5 p.m.—so with our other three meetings and Sunday School, making six gatherings for the day, we have not much breathing time. Forty-five have, up to the time of writing, professed conversion. The interpreter has become a soldier; his whole soul is taken up with the saving of his people. His wife is very intelligent, with a fine, prepossessing appearance, and is going to be enrolled. Others have expressed their desires in this direction. My heart has been drawn out so much to these people. I love to visit them—a truly simple, humble, beautiful people, shuffling of course without Christ, some of them indulging in the curse of these western cities, gambling and kindred evils; but Jesus is breaking the fetters. It would do the War Cry Staff good to see their shining faces. We had the joy, too, of seeing a white man in our afternoon meeting yesterday weeping out his sins before God.—Mrs. Adjt. McGILL.

**AMHEEST.**—Things have been rather low, but are coming up. Nine souls of late. Crowds and collections nearly doubled. S.D. target reached. Many thanks to the kind friends who helped us. A beautiful place to sell War Cry—we very seldom have one left for Sunday. Our recent children's jubilee was a success. Quite a crowd came to listen to the little ones sing and recite, which they did beautifully.—F. J. Clarke and B. Pemberton.

**BISMARCK.**—Final farewell of Captain Halston. Sunday and Monday Capt. Siverts with us. We rejoiced to see three souls in the Fountain, one a man about 45 years old who has been a Roman Catholic and a very heavy drinker.—Fred. Bond, Lieut.

## Major Pickering Forcibly Represents the Social Work.

**CHARLOTTETOWN.**—To say that Major Pickering's visit was appreciated is far too mild. At the Saturday meeting the Major spoke particularly of South Africa. The discourse was pregnant with gems of practical thought, delivered with true Holy Ghost eloquence; there were visible results in both soul-saving and consecration. Monday evening the Major delivered his celebrated Social lecture to an audience that listened eagerly until a late hour. The Army will be better understood here as a result. He was accompanied on the trip by Lieut. T. Urquhart, whose cornet music was good.—H.

**CLINTON.**—We had a Christmas Tree for the children, which was a grand success. The last Sunday of the old year six precious souls knelt at the Cross. Three Juniors and three backsliders came home, and while the last

moments of the old year were passing, under one soul sought salvation.—Fred Brown.

## The Killdeer at Night.

**DAWSON CITY.**—Sunday night, barracks full. Magnificent meeting. Three soldiers stood up to be enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire flag, and a fourth came along after the meeting and declared his intention to become a true Salvation warrior. One of the above-mentioned soldiers was indifferent to the claims of God till Rev. J. Dawson, the other two were reclaimed backsliders, one of whom knelt at the drum-head during the summer. Two of the new soldiers stand six feet high and have a very powerful physique. The devil will have to look out.—Adjutant Morris.

**DRAYTON.**—No souls have been converted since last report, although we believe many have been convicted. Good meetings all day Sunday. Capt. Lynch farewelled on Sunday night. Bro. III gave us a very interesting address on behalf of Captain's farewell, whom we are very sorry to lose, but we pray that God will bless him wherever he goes.—Rose Cooper.

## What Came of Asking, 'May I Come In?'

**GLACE BAY.**—Lord, save souls, was the prayer of every soldier in our private holiness meeting on Friday night. A young lady came to the door and asked the Captain if she could come to the meeting. Captain said, "Yes, you need holiness." Before the meeting closed she knelt at the penitent form and got saved.—Sergt.-Major.

**GRAND JUNCTION.**—The soldiers of this corps thank our friends for their kind gifts given towards the helping of the Christmas dinner at Lewiston.—J. N. Sargent.

## A Salvation Santa Claus.

**HALIFAX I.**—The Christmas Cry was very good indeed, and the Junior's Christmas Tree was grand. Crowded home to witness the distribution of presents to the children. J. S. S.-M. Romans' impersonation of Santa Claus was all that could be desired. Quite a few have sought and professed to Jesus, who is their personal Saviour since last report.—Treas. Casbin.

**HUNTSVILLE.**—While our officers were away at Major Turner's meetings and councils at Bracebridge we have seen souls saved. Tuesday, at soldiers' meeting, one weary wanderer from God, who was sick in bed, was prayed into the Kingdom. On Sunday last a soldier who had laid down the cross also returned, and a shout of victory went up as the volunteer took up his cross and determination to take it up again. Then on Wednesday two more reintegrated for salvation.—J. H. Sergt.-Major.

**LETHBRIDGE.**—We have just celebrated our second Christmas in this corps, which surpassed anything yet. Financially, Ensign Perry, our Pioneer, did splendid work with us for four real good days. "Specials" each night, large crowds, splendid collections, and above all, souls in the Fountain. Upon the strain of the midnight hour, which told us of another Christmas, thirteen of the comrades, led by the Ensign,

assisted by the cornet, bass, accordion, and autoharp, went out on a soldier's expedition. The friends visiting showed deep appreciation, and invited us in to partake of their Christmas fare. We are praying for one dear brother, whom we trust will step out on God's promises through the instrumentality of the Lethbridge carolers. Our Lieutenant (now Captain) Nick farewelled for Edmonton on Sunday.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

**LISSBON.**—Christmas time triumphant. The year was full of presents. We believe for certain victories in the future.—C. K. R. C.

**MISSOULA.**—Captains Southall and Walrath gave a turkey dinner to the soldiers and friends of the Army, which was highly appreciated. The children's demonstration, consisting of songs, recitations, and, last but not least, Santa Claus, was a great success.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

**MONTREAL I.**—Sunday afternoon Staff-Capt. Taylor led a special meeting. Two recruits were enrolled at night. Capt. Jones and Downey farewelled, after nearly eight months' fighting with us. God has blessed their efforts, and the prayers and blessing of soldiers and friends go with them to their new appointment.

## Faith and Farewells.

**NELSON, B. C.**—On Friday night one soul sought and found the Pearl of Great Price, and on Saturday night we rejoiced over our Self-Denial effort with a coffee and cake social, which was a grand success. On the following Wednesday Brigadier Howell conducted his farewell meeting, and on the Sunday following Adj. Woodruff and Capt. Miller farewelled for another part of the Kingdom. They are leaving a lot of kind-hearted friends in Nelson who wish them Good-speed.

**NEWCASTLE, N. B.**—Just had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Jennings, who have been resting for some time. The meetings well attended all day Sunday. On Monday Ensign L. Larder was with us. The soldiers who have been away to the woods, came home for Christmas. We have also welcomed into our midst again Secretary Bessie Ashford, who has spent some time in the States. Lieut. A. A. Melkie, for Capt. A. B. Jackson.

**NEW GLASGOW.**—Began our Christmas celebrations by holding an open-air at 10:30 a.m. Out again in the afternoon at 3 p.m. and again at 7 p.m., concluding with the Raul of the season service at 7:30 p.m. The children are making great progress in their drills, recitations, and solos, owing to the great care and attention bestowed upon them by J. S. S.-M. Forsey. Wednesday we had a heart-searching soldiers' meeting, when some of the comrades sought the blessing of a clean heart. Thursday night a red-hot salvation meeting, ending up with two souls in the Fountain. Friday night, instead of the holiness meeting, we devoted the evening to cleaning our barracks, making it clean for the New Year. Good meetings all day Sunday. In the afternoon we had a decision service, when Adjutant Byers dedicated to God the infant son of J. S. S.-M. Forsey. In the evening

we had a red-hot battle for souls with one backslider at the Cross seeking mercy. The watch-night service began at 11 p.m. Capt. Ryan and Lieut. Lebeaux, of Stellarton, were present. We finished up with sick seeking the Lord's clean heart. The brass band is being re-organized under the leadership of Bandmaster Alcock.—C. E. Stevens.

**NEWMARKET.**—Grand closing of the old year. Blessings showered upon us. Soldiers on fire. Two souls decided for Christ. Watch-night service, well oil-liner. Two more souls for salvation and several for consecration. Aus.

**PARSONTON.**—Beautiful meetings at Gilmore's Corners. People love the Army and are delighted to attend a meeting. Two meetings at Iron Hill; blessed times, saints left the power, sinners convicted. Much credit is due to Father Samuel, of Parsonton, who furnishes a horse, free of charge, to drive fifteen miles to the above-named places, and back again. God bless him abundantly. Yours to conquer, L. Newell.

## Fifty-two Souls in One Week.

**PELLEY'S ISLAND.**—Our officers have farewelled, after fighting with us six months, six months of victory, for our H. F. target was smashed, we went \$10 over our S.-D. and the last of their fifty-eight souls knelt at the Cross. Edith, of Harewood, Tyeon, for Capt. Sparks and Lieut. Rinder.

## Indians Advancing.

**PORT SIMPSON.**—The winter months are our harvest in Port Simpson, as far as soul-saving is concerned, for when March comes they commence to fish, and they have to go to the fishing grounds. Port Simpson is a quiet place in summer time. I was in Port Essington a week ago, for the Saturday and Sunday. We saw one soul saved and enrolled one soldier. I also dedicated a child. They will have a very good barracks when finished; it is 60x20, strongly built, a credit to the thrift and courage of the soldiers, and they only owe \$130 or so. While I was away the soldiers had good times in Port Simpson. Souls got blessed and saved. On our way back we stopped at Metlakatla for the night and the Captain of the Church Army asked me to take the meeting, which I did. My soldiers, Bro. Moody, Pierce, and Bennett assisted, and we had a very good time together. The Captain was very kind to us, and gave us three of his horses to both look after our team. I dedicated another baby, Herbert James McKay, and also enrolled 16 more soldiers. The wife of one of the men that was enrolled got saved in the night meeting.—Robt. Smith, Adj.

**PRINCE ALBERT.**—We have had another visit from our T. F. S. Meeting, where we had a very good time and dinner. The latter service was much enjoyed by all. Two backsliders returned to God. G. B. M. work progressing. New store boxes have been sent out. The soldiers who see the white cents pulled in them.—G. M. Bartlett, R. C.





# THE WAR.

**Salvation Officers at Estcourt—Troops Receive Them Enthusiastically—The Biggest Sinner in Camp—Our Transvaal D. O. with Lord Methuen—The Horrors of War—Salvation After the Battle.**

Thank God, Estcourt is again open! (I speak only from a Salvation Army standpoint, of course; so far as actual combatants are concerned our position is one of the strictest neutrality, with the strongest disposition to effect the largest possible amount of good among both the opposing forces). A report for our own War Cry of an interesting nature has just come to hand from Capt. Shaw, one of our women officers, who, with Ensign Hurley, recently proceeded to the front for duty among the troops at Estcourt. In describing their first meeting at the soldiers' camp, she states that the troops received them most gladly and enthusiastically. Some of the men ran to their tents and brought candles, the bayonet serving as a good candle-stick in the centre of the ring. The Captain adds, "From the moment we began the presence of God was felt, and conviction was stamped on many faces. When we closed the meeting the soldiers gave

## Three Cheers for the Salvation Army.

and one man pressed forward to shake hands and tell us that he felt twenty pounds lighter! Another confessed that he was the biggest sinner in the camp. One and all begged us to come again, as they enjoyed the meeting so thoroughly." Capt. Shaw further states that one of our Diarist soldiers is now serving in the British ranks at Estcourt, and his testimony at this particular meeting made a splendid impression and called forth cheers from his comrades. The Ensign and Captain are agreed that this was one of the most powerful meetings they have ever been in, and they are hopeful of having permission to continue them while the troops are in camp. They make an appeal for Army literature to distribute among the soldiers, and the Commissioner passes this on to War Cry readers, in the belief that there will be a glad response, not only for Natal, but for all the great military centres in South Africa.

Major Swain and Ensign Scott, who left Cape Town last week for the front, have now come in full touch with Lord Methuen's brigade, which at the time of writing are proceeding to the relief of Kimberley, with base at Orange River, where, according to the latest advices they are waiting for

## The Reception of the Wounded

in the most recent engagements at Gras Pan, and towards Honey Nest Kloof. Our comrades anticipate pushing on to Kimberley, and, in the event of British success, thence to Mafeking and towards the Transvaal. The advantage of this policy is that while our special officers are doing all necessary spiritual work, and administering to the sick and wounded en route, they will be able to cut in immediate touch with those of our fellow-comrades who have been so long isolated, extending to them the right hand of fellowship and love, and encouraging them to persevere in the fight. Moreover, they will be able to set up the Salvation banner once again at places where, through no fault of our own, the glorious work has had to be suspended, right up to and beyond Johannesburg and Pretoria. In these directions at least, our British officers and soldiers will wish Major Swain and Ensign Scott "God-speed" and his richest blessing.

Talking of the suspension of our operations leads me to make special mention of the great and increased difficulties we are facing in the matter of the circulation of our War Cry and Young Soldier. I have already referred, in my previous letters, to the temporary stoppage of all corps work in the Transvaal and Orange Free State Division, and places also in Cape Colony and Natal, which have been, and still are, the scenes of bloody strife. As a matter of course this has meant a very

## Serious Drop in the Circulation

of the War Cry and Young Soldier, and has now necessitated the publication

of our Juniors' paper fortnightly, for the nonce, instead of weekly, in order to economise. It is well to state these facts so that War Cry readers may fully realize how great are the obstacles which we have to encounter, and for which we are in no way responsible. The evils of war are becoming increasingly felt in every direction and by every section in the religious world in general, and by the Salvation Army in particular.

The "glories" of war we have yet to discover. The derailing of the line at Stormberg Junction now means that we are unable to promptly despatch War Cry to such important centres as Port Elizabeth, East London, King Williams Town, and Queenstown, with places adjacent in the Eastern Division. These can only reach their destination via the sea, and just now the unparalleled activity in the matter of transport arrangements places the ordinary passenger steamers for coast towns wholly at the mercy of the military authorities, with the result that there are tremendous delays both in arrival and despatch of the Union and Castle Companies' boats from Cape Town. The Eastern corps are suffering not a little in consequence.

Adjt. Murray, and the special British Naval and Military Section at Natal are commencing active opera-

## Necessity for leaving the District

will take Mrs. Bradley with them. Adjt. Bradley arrived in Cape Town with the Zulu Party on Sunday, and on Monday evening they were given a grand welcome at the Cape Town Citadel, under the Commissioner's leadership. They intend making an effort to get through to Mool River as quickly as possible.

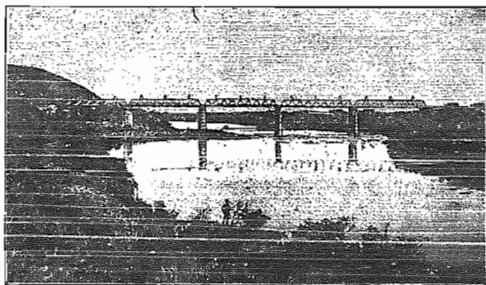
There is plenty of bustle and activity round and about Territorial Headquarters, and soul-saving work is being vigorously carried on in the Western and Eastern Divisions. God lives, and so does the Salvation Army, despite all the horrid outside drawbacks consequent on the war. Hallelujah!

Table Bay just now has an appear-

ten by Ensign Scott. I shall deal more fully with its contents next week; but your readers will be interested to hear that he and Major Swain have already got well into harness, and within a few hours of their arrival at the camp were instrumental in the salvation of one of the Scots Guards at their first meeting. Both officers are doing

## Splendid Work Among the Wounded,

and their story of some of the horrors of war as witnessed by them is of the most harrowing description. Just one picture, as described by the Ensign, in all its hideous simplicity: "One of the Guards, a big fellow, thrust his bayonet through the body of a Boer, who, with his dying strength shot him through the head,



**Railway Bridge over the Tugela near Colenso.**

This bridge has since been blown up by the Boers. Near this spot the greatest battle of the South African War is expected to be fought.



**View of Ladysmith, Natal.**

This place has been besieged for over two months by the Boers, who were repulsed with great loss in their attempt to take it by assault on January 6th.

tions, and we shall probably be receiving a budget of news from them in the near future. From Major Smith, of Zululand, comes an intimation that no further news has been received concerning the present circumstances or whereabouts of Ensign and Mrs. Hendy. The same thing applies to Capt. Franklin, referred to in my letter a fortnight ago. Fighting has been going on at Mool River (Bramwell Settlement), but Major Smith has no fear of Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's safety, as she is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Boshoff, esteemed friends of the Army, who, if there is any

ance which is unique in the history of the port. Of course, the war is responsible for the presence of many of the vessels crowding the Bay, and it is a forcible demonstration of

## The Maritime Strength

of Great Britain. Inside the docks every foot of berthage is occupied; in the roadstead there are anchored something like thirty or forty ships of all kinds, steam and sail, large and small.

Since writing the above a long, interesting letter reaches me from the military camp at Orange River, writ-

both men dying almost simultaneously!" Well may the Ensign ask—"Is this war, and is this glory?"

As I close the steam whistles at the newspaper offices in Cape Town are being blown at their loudest, intimating the issue of yet another special edition containing news of a bloody battle at Modder River. I shall obtain the stories of our devoted officers who have been shut up there for the last six weeks as promptly as possible for despatch to the War Cry—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

## From St. Johns II. to Heaven.

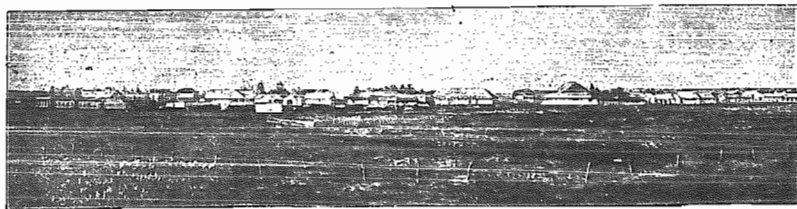
Death has claimed another victim in the person of Sister Sarah Jane Read.

Our comrade was sick just two weeks when the messenger came. Before she passed away her testimony was, "All is well." We feel sure that our sister has gone to join the Blood-washed throng.

The service at the grave was very impressive. While we sang, with hands uplifted, "I'll be true, Lord, 'till Thee," heaven came very near. We committed our dear comrade to the dust with the glorious hope of one day meeting on that beautiful shore.

At the memorial service two souls sought and found the Saviour. We pray that God will comfort those who are bereaved, and keep us faithful until death.—S. Morgan for Capt. McLean.

Calvary.—A little hill to the eye, but the only spot upon the earth that touches heaven.



**View of Mafeking, Bochuanaaland.**

Now beleaguered by the Boers. We had a corps in this town before the war.









### The Fountain of Grace.

Tunes.—Stella, (B. J. 25); Madrid (B. J. 170); Baton (B. J. 167, 2); Sagina (B. J. 208, 2).

1 Oh, Thou, the soul's enduring life,  
My fainting spirit cries to Thee.  
Take Thou, in love, Thy pruning knife,  
And cut these marks of death from me.

The pain these wounds of love will give,  
May make my soul for ever live.

'Tis Thou, the Fount of plenteous grace,  
Who can alone my soul reclaim;  
For sin it cannot find a place  
But at the Cross, where Thou wast slain;

Though often it has been before,  
Thy love and patience are not o'er.

Not only good art Thou, but wise,  
That wisdom promised to impart;  
Then what is hidden to my eyes,  
O Lord, reveal unto my heart!  
The problems that beset my mind  
Are solved when rest in Thee I find.  
—The Commandant.

### Full Salvation.

Tunes.—Confidence (B.J. 74); Auld Lang Syne (B.J. 38); Give me a heart (B.J. 69, 7); The harp that once.

2 Oh, glorious news of heavenly grace,  
Christ shall in me appear,  
I, even I, shall see His face,  
I shall be holy here!

When Jesus makes my heart His home,  
My sin shall all depart;  
And, lo! He saith, "I quickly come  
To fill and rule Thy heart!"

Be it according to Thy word,  
Now cleanse me from all sin;  
My heart would now receive Thee,  
O Lord,

Come in, my Lord, come in.  
Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour Thou;  
In all the confidence of hope  
I claim the blessing now.

"Tis done! Thou dost this moment save—  
With full salvation bless;  
Salvation through Thy Blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

### Singing all the Time.

Tune.—Singing all the time (B.J. 228).

3 I feel like singing all the time,  
My sins are washed away;  
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,  
I'll serve Him every day.

### Chorus.

Singing glory, glory, etc.

When on the cross my Lord I saw,  
Nailed there by sins of mine,  
Fast fell the burning tears; but now  
I'm singing all the time.

When fierce temptations try my heart,  
I'll sing, "Jesus is mine!"

Interesting! Instructive!! Inspiring!!!

AN EVENING OF HIGHEST  
ENJOYMENT.

# MASSEY HALL

## Thursday, February 1st,

8 p.m.

# MISS BOOTH

AND

## Living Scenes.

AMONG THESE STRIKING SCENES AND OTHER FEATURES  
OF THE EVENING WILL BE

Paris at Night,

A Western Opium Den,

A London Slum Scene,

India and Its Apostles.

The Youngest Drummer in the World (2 years), and the  
Musical Family.

The Tambourine Babies and Timbrel Drill.

The Ambulance Class. Mustering of Rescue Forces.

The Youngest Cornetist of the Dominion,  
(a girl of 9 years).

### Miss Booth's Address.

An Excellent Program of Music and Song.

COME EARLY AND SECURE A GOOD SEAT.

TICKETS FOR SALE AT ALL CITY CORPS AND AT THE  
SALVATION TEMPLE, ALBERT STREET,  
TORONTO.

THE CELEBRATED STAFF BAND WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.

### Marching Along.

Tunes.—Come, Join our Army (B.B. 14); I'm happy (B.B. 47).

4 Come, join our Army, to battle we go,  
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe;  
Defending the right and opposing the wrong,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

### Chorus.

Marching along, we are marching a long,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.  
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

Come, join our Army, the foe must be driven,  
To Jesus our Captain the world shall be given;  
If hell should surround us, we'll press through the throng,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,  
True to our motto, we'll fight till we die;  
"Saved from all sin," is our war cry and song,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

### Still There's Mercy.

Tunes.—Christ now sits (B.J. 228, 5 slowly); Roussou (B.J. 180, 1); Tossing like a troubled ocean (B.B. 41); Depth of mercy (B.B. 22); Pleyel's (B.J. 123, 5); Weber (B.J. 211, 2); Nottingham (B.J. 217, 2).

6 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
O my God, His wrath forbear,  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare!

### Chorus.

God is love, I know, I feel,  
Jesus lives and loves me still.

### Another Chorus.

You are drifting, you are drifting to your doom,  
Yet there's mercy, yet there's mercy still for you.

I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Jesus speaks and pleads His Blood,  
He disarms the wrath of God!  
Now my Master's mercies move,  
Justice lingers into love.

There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands!

God is love! I know, I feel  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

### Claim Salvation.

Tunes.—From Greenland's icy mountains; or, My soul is now united (B.J. 118).

6 Soul, filled with condemnation,  
No more in bondage be;  
Arise, and claim salvation,  
Oh, why for ever die?  
Eternal life—that precious,  
That priceless gift of God—  
For thee, on Calvary, Jesus  
Has purchased with His blood.

Come home, come home, backslider  
Thy Heavenly Father will  
Forgive thy past of failure,  
And freely love Thee still.  
This gracious invitation  
Obeys us from the Lord;  
The joys of His salvation  
To thee shall be restored.

Redeeming grace is flowing,  
His sweetness all may prove;  
His mercy God is showing  
To those who seek His love.  
This blessed truth we cherish,  
Proclaim it far and nigh;  
God witheth none should perish,  
But dwell with Him on high.  
Sergt.-Major Gibby,  
Pembroke Dock.